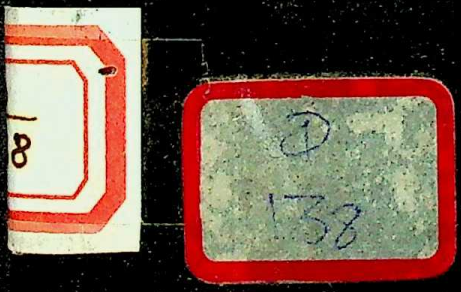
LIGHT OF ASIA G.K.V.



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गुरुकुल कांगड़ी विश्वविद्यालय
कृपया पुस्तक के ऊपर कोई निशान आदि
न लगायें।

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पुस्तकालय

गुरुकुल कांगड़ी विश्वविद्यालय, हरिद्वार

वर्ग संख्या ..... आगत संख्या.....

पुस्तक विवरण की तिथि नीचे अंकित है। इस तिथि सहित ३० वें दिन यह पुस्तक पुस्तकालय में वापस आ जानी चाहिए। अन्यथा ५० पैसे प्रति दिन के हिसाब से विलम्ब दण्ड लगेगा।

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वैद्य धर्मदत्त स्मृति संग्रह

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THE LIGHT OF ASIA

BY

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

[THE BOYHOOD AND MARRIAGE OF BUDDHA

ABRIDGED FOR INDIAN COLLEGES]

With Introduction and Notes

BY

A. V. RAO,

M. A., Ph. D. (London), BAR-AT-LAW

Reader in English, Lucknow University.

MAYOOR PRAKASHAN

JHANSI.

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04660

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PUBLISHED

MAYOOR PRAKASHAN

JHANSI

First Edition 1948.

Second Edition 1949

RE. 1/-

PRINTED BY DWARIKA PRASAD MISRA 'DWARIKESH'

AT THE SWADHIN PRESS, JHANSI.

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PREFACE

A world ravaged by two destructive wars in the course of half a century, still bleeding from its wounds, and not yet free from the fear of future wars, needs more than ever the message of Buddha, the Enlightened One —the message of love, peace and truth. The older generation has not completely shed the greed, selfishness and hatred that led to war and bloodshed in the past, and not much can be hoped for from it. It is to the younger generation that one should look for hope and progress. They need spiritual guidance most, for it is they who will shape the new world. There can be no better beacon-light for the young than the message of Buddha and the example of his life as revealed in the **Light of Asia.** The life of Mahatma Gandhi, of revered memory, who preached the gospel of peace, love and ahinsa for as many years as the Blessed. One himself, offers abundant proof of the healing influence of Buddha's life and doctrine. If the **Light of Asia** moves the heart of young readers by its noble message, poetic beauty and felicity of verse, the task of the editor will not have been undertaken in vain.

September, 1948. A. V. R.

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INTRODUCTION

Life of Sir Edwin Arnold, 1832-1904.

Sir Edwin Arnold, English poet and journalist, was born on the 10th of June, 1832. He was educated first at the King's School, Rochester, and later at King's College, London, and University College, Oxford. An ingrained love of poetry led him to compete for the Newdigate Prize, which he won in 1852, with a poem on **Belshazzar's Feast**—the prize, which nine years earlier had been won by Matthew Arnold with his **Cromwell**. Edwin Arnold took the B. A. degree in 1854, and the M. A. two years later. Meanwhile, he published his first volume of verses, "Poems Narrative and Lyrical," in 1853. On leaving Oxford, he took to teaching as a profession, and in 1856 was appointed Principal of the Government Sanskrit College at Poona, later called the Deccan College. He held this post for five years, a fruitful period for his latter work, as his Sanskrit studies led him to the reading of the Gita Govinda, the Bhagvad Gita, and the masterpieces of Sanskrit poetry. His interest was drawn to history and administration as well, and he rendered useful service to Lord Elphinstone in the Bombay Council. His knowledge of and continued interest in contemporary events

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in India led him to the writing of "A History of the Administration of British India under the Marquis of Dalhousie, 1862-1864."

In 1861, Arnold returned to England and started work as a journalist on the staff of the **Daily Telegraph.** He served this newspaper, one of the foremost in England, for a period of over forty years, and rose from leader-writer to chief editor in 1873. As a journalist, he proved a brilliant writer, endowed with enthusiam and energy, and bristling with ideas. He was responsible for arranging the journey of the famous explorer, H. M. Stanley, to Africa to trace the course of the river Congo, and later on for demanding the opening up of the African continent to progress and civilization by the startling idea of a Cape to Cairo Railway. He proved a liberal in his political ideas and supported Turkey in the War against Russia and Lord Lytton's radical Indian policy against his conservative opponents. Edwin Arnold, the journalist, is however a remote memory for us. Even in his own time his work as a poet brought him far greater fame and notice. The early lyrics were of no outstanding merit, except a remarkable poem called **He and She,** the theme of which is the passionate longing for spiritual communion with his dead wife by the husband who is seated by her coffin. If his original work yielded him no real

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recognition, the translations from Sanskrit poetry, story and legend brought him fame and renown all over the English-speaking world. The **Light of Asia,** whose theme is the teachings, and the birth, life and supreme renunciation of Gautam Buddha, appeared in 1879, and won great and immediate success. It went thtough numerous editions in a few years both in England and America. Before 1879, European scholars had not fully revealed the story of Buddha's life or the meaning of his doctrine and spiritual message. Mr. & Mrs. Rhys Davids and Kenneth Saunders, Dahlke and Max Muller and others had not yet written their famous works on Buddha. Arnold's **Light of Asia** thus aroused profound interest in Buddha and Buddhism, quite apart from the appeal of his marvellous descriptions of life in Ancient India, the beauty of his diction and the felicity of his versification. A controversy raised by scholars who objected to inaccuracies in Arnold's exposition of Buddhist doctrine in no way stemmed the growing popularity of the **Light of Asia** but helped to increase it. The inevitable parallel between the life of Buddha and the life of Christ served to encourage Arnold to writing a second narrative poem with Christ as the central figure. This poem was published twelve years later as the **Light of the world,** 1891, but did not achieve the fame of its predecessor. Perhaps the theme was too familiar to western readers and lacked the

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fascinating background of life in ancient India, which provided the setting of the **Light of Asia.** In recognition of his services to poetry and journalism, and by virtue of his unfailing interest in Indian lore and Sanskrit poetry, he was awarded the title of C. S. I. in 1877 and of K. C. I. E. in 1888. Among Arnold's translations in verse made from Sanskrit and the **Book of Good Counsels** (**Hitopadesha**) 1861, the **Indian Song of Songs** (from the Gita Govinda of Jayadeva), 1875 **India Idylls,** 1813, and **The Song Celestial,** 1885 (from the **Bhagwad Gita**). He revisited India and travelled along the Pacific Coast and Japan in 1889 This journey resulted in **Seas and Lands,** 1891, **Japanica,** 1892, and **Adzuma,** 1893 and **India Revisited.** He resided for many years in Japan and his third wife was a Japanese lady. A Collected Edition of his poems in eight volumes came out in 1888. Sir Edwin Arnold died on the 24th of March 1904 in his seventy-second year.

A Note on Narrative Poetry.

Poetry is one of the most ancient arts, and narrative poetry is perhaps the most ancient of poetic forms. This is but natural, as the gift of narrative or story-telling is the result of the instinctive desire of man to

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recount events, real or imaginary, and to listen to such a recital. Primitive man led a strenuous life. His existence depended on the meat of animals killed in the chase. We can easily imagine how on his return from a dangerous hunt, he would relate to his wife and children breathlessly the tale of his pursuit of wild boar or deer. From such early and casual beginnings, the transition to the story of exploits in war and conquest or in struggle for mastery over men and women, slaves and animals is inevitable. Narrative told in rhythmical form took on themes of courage, love, chivalry and sacrifice. Thus emerged the ballad, the epic and the romance.

Narrative poetry is essentially objective of impersonal, dealing as it does with external events—with actions prompted by passion and emotion. It is thus different from lyrical poetry which expresses the spontaneous outpouring of the poet's feeling or emotion, and from dramatic poetry, which represents events by way of action and not by narration. Poetic narrative is a rare and difficult art, because it is not as instinctive as the lyric and its material involves the addition of the prosaic. Moreover, the narrative poet's heroes are outside himself and he cannot transfer his own emotion or experience of life or wisdom to them. He dare not moralize or reflect at length without jeopardizing the essential interest of the march of events in his story. He has to

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think more of his audience and readers than of his own views on life. He has to have the gift of description, of careful management of the sequence of events, of their growth to a climax and a fitting end—achievement, happiness, solace, reconcilement, or the cessation of strife, whatever it is. Not every one has the gift of narrative, though almost every one has the urge. He who has both is the born story-teller and he can hold audiences spellbound whatever the theme. The tests of a good narrative poem are therefore briefly :—

(1) A thorough grasp of the sequence of events.

(2) a gift for vivid description of events, scenes and persons, and the command of poetic immagery to give life to otherwise dull detail,

(3) effective but not elaborate characterisation,

(4) the ability to lead events to a climax and bring the story to a fitting end,

(5) the capacity to stir emotion in his readers and to make them identify themselves with the hero,

(6) the avoidance of conscious comment, moral reflection and preaching and lastly,

(7) the achievement of sublimity and grandeur in the epic, of simplicity in the ballad, of the exotic, the thrilling or the fantastic in the romance and of realism in the verse-tale.

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Narrative poems fall under three heads according to their order of evolution – Ballad, Epic and Romance. In their early stages, all three were popular poems by unknown authors and built on popular ideas, traditions, and feelings. As accretions grew round the original theme, especially the epic, new verses were added. Hence these early poems are called poems of growth. Later, narrative poems were produced with conscious skill and art, and their authorship became wellknown. Thus we got the literary epic of Virgil and Milton, the literary ballad of Coleridge and Tennyson, and the literary romance of Keats, Byron and Morris. The poet in the past took up great themes and gave them beauty, dignity and sublimity. Later, with the decline of feudalism and romance, themes of real life were taken up, as by Wordsworth, Crabbe, and Tennyson, and this kind of narrative poem came to be called verse-tale.

The original ballad was a single poem, dealing with traditional stories of love, chivalry, war and feud. The epic grew out of the ballad and soon reached a high level of poetic art as in the **Ramayana and the Mahabharat,** Homer's **Iliad** Virgil's **Aeneid,** and Milton's **Paradise lost**. The epic is distinguished from the ballad and romance by greater range and dignity, splendour of diction and sentiments, and unity of conception. If the epic was based on national mythology

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and legend, had gods and heroes as its personae and attained religious or national importance, the romance dealt with fiction and tales of love and chivalry, of knights and ladies, treasuses and dragons, and magic and witchcraft.

The Light of Asia.

Coming to the **Light of Asia** we may call it either an epic or a long narrative poem. It is narrative, not of physical action, or deeds or chivalry or courage on the battlefield, but of the adventute of the spirit, of the act of supreme renunciation and of the eternal quest of spiritual salvation. In this respect, it is different from almost all epics and comes closest to **Paradise Lost.** Great as the spiritual significance of the **Light of Asia** is, it is also a story of compelling human interest and like Milton's epic has splendid descriptive passages and a wealth of detail rivalling that of the magnificent of Morris.

The Metre of the Light of Asia.

The **Light of Asia** is written for the most part in blank verse, the exception being the stanzas of mystical

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doctrine towards the end. Blank verse is unrhymed iambic pentameter, i.e., lines of five feet, each foot consisting of two syllables with the second accented. The following lines, for example, constitute regular blank verse :—

The inner gate was reached of marble wrought
The marriage feast was kept, as Sakyas use
The golden gadi was set, the carpet spread,
The wedding garlands hung, the arm threads tied.

In blank verse, however, it is not uncommon to find a trochaic foot (i.e. accented syllable followed by unaccented) substituted for an iambic foot at the beginning of a line, and an extra unaccented syllable at the end. The lines scanned below show these variations :—

Wondrous in lore he was by age and fasts
Found him still using, though the noon was past,
Led climbing thought higher and higher until
Without, where aches and plagues were tears
and fears.

Such variations from the regular metre occur fairly frequently in the **Light of Asia**, as in Milton's great epic, **Paradise Lost**, and in other poems written in the same metre. Edwin Arnold, however, occasionally

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allows himself the use of other licences not so common in blank verse. Thus a trochaic foot may be inserted into the body of a line or a different kind of foot—either for a definite purpose or for achieving general smoothness or naturalness.

Tennyson is the greatest master of such poetic devices and variations, as also of sound echoing sense, alliteration rhythmic repetition and so on. Arnold, living in Tennyson's time, could not but be affected by his poetic technique. Thus, trochaic foot in the middle:

Ă stâtely trŭnk, straight âs ă templĕ-shâft

Other Licences :

Eaĉh wĭth hĕr dârk nĕwlў smoŏthed aṅd bouṅd

Slów-pâcing pâst thĕ throne wĭth lârge blâck eўes.

Alliteration :

Shoulder and shelf, green slope and icy horn

Riven, ravine, and splintered precipice.....

And clustering columns, where cool fountains fringed.

With lotus and nelumbo danced.....

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Great-eyed gazelles in sunny alcoves browsed
The blown red roses.....

The Life of Buddha.

(Based on sources including the Light of Asia)

According to Buddhist theory and legend, a Buddha, that is, an Enlightened one, is born from time to time and propagates the true doctrine. With the lapse of time, his teaching becomes corrupt and perishes till a new Buddha is born. Gotama Buddha, whose birth, boyhood, marriage and supreme renunciation are described in the **Light of Asia**, was last historical Buddha. He was born in the princely family of the Sakyas in the year 568 B.C. according to Ceylonese records and 623 B.C. according to Tibetan. He lived for eighty years, the last forty-five of which were spent in preaching his doctrine through the length and breadth of Northern India. He died in Kusinara in 488 B. C. or 543 B.C. according to the Tibetan records.

By the sixth century before Christ, the Aryans had spread far down the Gangetic valley and occupied Northern India right up to the foothills of the Himalayas. South of the frontier of modern Nepal, the chieftain Shuddhodhana ruled over the Sakya clan in

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the town of Kapilavastu. He had married two of the daughters of a neighbouring chief but neither had borne him a child for a long period. In her forty-fifth year, however, the elder queen, Mahamaya, conceived, and soon after started for her parent's home with the intention of getting confined there according to the custom of the age. She rested in the day in the pleasant garden Lumbini under the shade of lofty tress. Here, her son, Siddhartha, the future Buddha was born. According to legend, there was rejoicing in haven and on earth, and an ancient prophecy was fulfilled by his birth. Gotama was the family name hence his later name, Gotama Buddha.

Mahamaya, his mother, died shortly after his birth, and he was lovingly looked after by an aunt who occupied an important place in his later life. In the background of the lofty Himalayas and surrounded by tall forests and gardens on the bank of the Rohini, the palace at Kapilavastu remained Siddhartha's home throughout his boyhood and youth. His father strove hard to keep him away from pain, disease and sorrow, as he feared the prediction might come true that he would one day renounce the throne and princely life to become an ascetic. Born in the lap of luxury, Buddha led the carefree life of an Aryan prince—became a great hunter and warrior, and displayed his prowess and skill

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in all manly games and pursuits. His intellect too grew in stature along with his physical strength. Music and dance, luxury and dalliance, did not sap the stength nor blunt the sensitiveness of Siddhartha to feeling and emotion.

In his nineteenth year, Siddhartha was married to Yasodhara, daughter of a neighbouring chief, and continued to live a life of princely ease. In his twenty-ninth year, however, an event occurred that shook his serenity and drove him to think hard over the problem of disease, pain and death. He saw during a drive to the royal pleasure-garden a man suffering from a revolting disease, and soon after a putrefying corpse, and a very old and feeble man. The prince was overwhelmed by pity for the misery of men and he asked Channa, his charioteer, to tell him everything about the life of the common man that had been so long concealed from him. Channa convinced him that all men were fated to suffer pain, disease, old age and death. The sight of an ascetic some time later gave him the idea of pursuing a life of asceticism.

One afternoon when Siddhartha was resting in the pleasure-garden after a bath in the river, a messenger came and informed him that Yasodhara, his wife, had given birth to a son. The prince rejoiced but his happiness was disturbed by the recognition of the fact

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that just when he had almost decided to renounce the throne and become an ascetic, a new and strong tie threatened to make him retract his decision. He reflected hard and the struggle ended in a resolve to break this new tie. The procession of rejoicing citizens and dancing girls that conducted him to the palace did not make him flinch. The elaborate feast and dance and gaiety in the royal palace to celebrate the birth of Rahula, his son, gave him no joy, and at midnight, he took the final step of renunciation of the world—of his father, wife and child, and kinsmen. He rose from an uneasy sleep, ordered Channa to saddle his horse and bring it to the palace gate. Siddhartha went to Yasodhara's room, took a long and tender glance at the peaceful face of his slumbering wife and child and without disturbing them, made his way to the palace-door. It was the night of the full moon in the month of July, and the city and the gardens lay bathed in the silver moonlight. But neither the beauty of the night nor love for his dearest ones could deflect Baddha from his resolve. Not even Mara, the great tempter, as legend goes, who offered him kingship over a universal empire, could make him retrace his steps. When he had gone some distance, he cut off his locks and tore off the princely ornaments from his person, and handing them over to Channa, commanded him to return to Kapilavastu.

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Buddha meditated for a week in a mango-grove and then made his way to Rajagriha the capital of Magadha. Here he met Alara, and Udraka the philosophers. Dissatisfied with their doctrines, he proceeded to Uruvela in the Vindhya region, and gave himself up to a life of extreme austerity, self-discipline and self-torture in the manner of the Yogis of the day. Five disciples lived with him in the lonely place and led a similar life. Buddha could not penetrate the mystery of human life or find the way to redemption from pain, death and rebirth, even after five years of the most strenuous penance. One day, weakened beyond measure by starvation, he fainted on the ground and lay for a while as if he were dead. A spiritual crisis came after his slow recovery, and Buddha decided to abandon the life he had led thitherto. His disciples were incensed and taunted him, but he gave up penance and stravation, and went to Benares. He lived in seclusion for a while, but he could not concentrate, visions disturbed him and his friends abandoned him, He took to a life of wandering and reached a place near the Niranjan river. Here as he meditated under a Bo-tree, his mind was torn between the thought of a return to a life of love, wealth, and power and of persistence in the quest after Nirvana. The latter triumphed. He meditated for a week or seven weeks and in the end he received the Light. Thence-forward he became Buddha. He found

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the key to freedom from pain, disease, existence and rebirth, i. e., the key to Nirvana- He was first tempted to let the truth stay within him and continue a life of solitary meditation. But the call of humanity was too sttong. He resolved to spread his doctrine, to teach it to the people, and to convert the orthordox to belief in his Four Noble Truths and the Eight-fold Path.

After Sujata, the daughter of a neihbouring villager had given him his morning meal, he rose from his seat under the famous Bo-tree and proceeded to Benares. In the deer-forest there he gradually convinced his five disciples of his creed and after a few days he made nearly sixty disciples.

After the rains had ceased, Buddha started on his mission of preaching the true doctrine all over Aryavarta and exhorted his disciples to do like wise.

For forty-five years, the Buddha preacbed his religion of truth, love, non-violence, right speech and right conduct, of acts of kindness and charity, and of the life of contemplation. He converted kings and princes, priests and philosophers, merchants and statesmen, shepherds and peasants to the new faith. His father and royal kinsmen were at first wrathful when they heard of his arrival at Kapilavastu and of his taking residence in a wood dressed in the robes of a mendicant. But soon

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after they listened to his preaching, they accepted his doctrine, So did his wife Yasodhara and his son Rahula. In the fulness of age, in his eightieth year, on the bank of the rivet Hiranyawati near Kushinara, surrounded by Ananda, his famous disciple, and other bhikkus, Buddha, lying majestic and calm in the simhasana, spoke his last words.

"Listen now, brethren, and farewell. Everything is doomed to death and dissolution. It is the nature of things. Strive ceaselessly ta attain Nirvana."

So saying, Buddha entered the Great Unknown, the Eternal and the Permanent.

The Cardinal Points of Buddhism.

The aim of Buddhism is the attainment of Nirvana, the state of freedom from the chains of existence, rebirth and pain by the extinction of false desire, of the illusion of separate existence and separate consciousness. Buddhism is thus a way of life—the middle way between the two extremes repudiated by Buddha—between the profitless life of sensual pleasure and the equally profitless way of self-torture, abstinence and severe austerity, **The Middle way** is realized by the knowledge of the Four Noble Truths :—

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(1) **The Noble Truth of Pair**—the pain of birth, old age, disease and deaths.

(2) **The Noble Truth of the Cause of pain**—Pain is the result of **tanha**, thirst or craving or desire, submission to the passions, which causes rebirth.

(3) **The Noble Truth of the Cessation of Pain**—that pain ceases with abandonment of craving and desire.

(4) **The Noble Truth of the Actual Means**—of arriving at the first threa truths.

The actuel means are described in the Noble Eightfold Path :—

(1) Right views (freedom from delusion).

(2) Right intentions or aims (To achieve Nirvana).

(3) Right speech (Truth).

(4) Right action on conduct (Honesty, Purity).

(5) Right living (Non-violence-Eschewing meat).

(6) Right effort (to attain self-control).

(7) Right-mindedness (alertness of mind).

(8) Right Meditation or concentration (The contemplation of life).

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THE LIGHT OF ASIA

BOOK THE FIRST.

Below the highest sphere four Regents sit
Who rule our world; and under them are zones
Nearer, but high, where saintliest spirits dead
Wait thrice ten thousand years, then live again,
And on Lord Buddha, waiting in that sky,
Came for our sakes the five sure signs of birth,
So that the Devas knew the signs, and said
"Buddha will go again to help the World"
"Yea!!' spake He, "now I go to help the World"
This last of many times: forbirth and death
End hence for me and those who learn my Law.
I will go down among the Sakyas,
Under the southward snows of Himalay,
Where pious people live and a just King."

That night the wife of King Suddhodana,
Maya, the Queen asleep beside her Lord,

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Dreamed a strange dream, dreamed that a star from heaven—

Splendid six-rayed, in colour rosy-pearl,
Whereof the token was an Elephant
Six-tusked, and white as milk of Kamadhuk—
Shot through the void, and shining into her,
Entered her womb upon the right. Awaked,
Bliss beyond mortal mother's filled her breast,
And over half the earth a lovely light
Forewent the morn. The strong hills shook, the waves
Sank lulled; all flowers that blow by day came forth
As 'twere high noon; down to the farthest hills
Passed the Queen's joy, as when warm sunshine thrills
Wood-glooms to gold and into all the deeps
A tender whisper pierced. "Oh ye," it said,
"The dead that are to live, the live who die,
Uprise, and hear, and hope! Buddha is come!"
Whereat in Limbos numberless much peace
Spread, and the world's heart throbbed, and a wind blew
With unknown freshness over lands and seas.

And when the morning dawned, and this was told,
The grey dream-readers said, "The dream is good!
The Crab is in conjunction with the Sun;
The Queen shall bear a boy; a holy child
Of wondrous wisdom, profiting all flesh,

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Who shall deliver men from ignorance,
Or rule the world, if he will deign to rule"
In this wise was the holy Buddha born.

Queen Maya stood at noon, her days fulfilled
Under a Palasa in the Palace-grounds,
A stately trunk straight as a temple-shaft,
With crown of glossy leaves and fragrant blooms
And knowing the time come—for all things knew,
The conscious tree bent down its bows to make
A bower about Queen Maya's majesty,
And Earth put forth a thousand sudden flowers
To spread a couch; while, ready for the bath,
The rock hard by gave out a limpid stream
Of crystal flow. So brought she forth her child
Pangless – he having on his perfect form
The marks, thirty and two, of blessed birth;
Of which the great news to the palace came.
But when they brought the painted palanquin
To Fetch him home, the bearers of the poles
Were the four Regents of the Earth, come down
From Mount Sumeru they who write men's deeds
On brazen plates—the Angel of the East,
Whose hosts are clad in silver robes, and bear
Targets of pearls: the Angel of the South,
Whose horsemen, the Kumbhandas, ride blue steeds,

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With sapphire shields: the Angel of the West.
By Nagas followed, riding steeds blood red,
With coral shields: the Angel of the North,
Environed by his Yakshas, all in gold,
On yellow horses, bearing shields of gold
These, with their pomp invisible, came down
And took the poles, in cast and outward garb
Like bearers, yet most mighty gods; and gods
Walked free with men that day, though men knew not:
For Heaven was filled with gladness for Earth's sake,
Knowing Lord Buddha thus was come again.

But King Suddhodana wist not of this;
The portents troubled, till his dream-readers
Augured a Prince of earthly dominance,
A Chakarvartin, such as rise to rule
Once in each thousand years; seven gifts he has—
The Chakra-ratna, disc divine; the gem;
The horse, the Aswa-ratna, that proud steed
Which tramps the clouds; a snow-white elephant,
The Hasti-ratna born to bear his King;
The crafty Minister, the General
Unconquered, and the wife of pearless grace,
The Istri-ratna, lovelier than the Dawn.
For which gifts looking with this wondrous boy,

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The King gave order that his town should keep
High festival; therefore the ways were swept,
Rose-odours sprinkled in the street, the trees
Were hung with lamps and flags, while merry crowds.

Gaped on the sword-players and posturers,
The jugglers, charmers, swingers, rope-walkers,
The nautch-girls in their spangled skirts, and bells
That chime light laughter round their restless feet;

The masquers wrapped in skins of bear and deer,
The tiger-tamers, wrestlers, quail-fighters,
Beaters of drum and twanglers of the wire,
Who made the people happy by command.

Moreover, from afar came merchant-men,
Bringing, on tidings of this birth, rich gifts
In golden trays; goat-shawls, and nard, and jade,
Turkises, "evening-sky" tint, woven webs—
So fine twelve folds hide not a modest face—
Waist-cloths sewn thick with pearls, and sandalwood;
Homage from tribute cities; so they called
Their Prince Savarthasiddh, "All Prospering,"
Briefer, Siddhartha.

'Mongst the strangers came
A grey-haired saint, Asita, one whose ears,

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Long closed to earthly things, caught heavenly sounds,
And heard at prayer beneath his peepul-tree
The Dewas singing songs at Buddha's birth.

Wondrous in lore he was by age and fasts;
Him, drawing nigh, seeming son reverend,
The King saluted, and Queen Maya made,
To lay her babe before such holy feet;
But when he saw the Prince the old man cried
"Ah, Queen, not so!" and thereupon he touched
Eight times the dust, laid his waste visage there,
Saying. "O Babe! I worship! Thou art He!

I see the rosy light, the foot-sole marks,
The soft curled tendril of the Swastika,
The sacred primal signs thirty and two,
The eighty lesser tokens. Thou art Buddh,
And thou wilt preach the Law and save all flesh
Who learn the Law, though I shall never hear,
Dying too soon, who lately longed to die;
Howbeit I have seen Thee. Know, O King!

This is that blossom on our human tree
Which opens once in many myriad years—
But opened fills the world with Wisdom's scent
And love's dropped honey; from thy royal root
A Heavenly Lotus springs. Ah, happy Home!
Yet not all happy, for a sword must pierce

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Thy bowels for this boy – whilst thou, sweet Queen !
Dear to all gods and men for this great birth,
Henceforth are grown too sacred for more woe,
And life is woe, therefore in seven days
Painless thou shalt attain the close of pain."

Which fell: for on the seventh evening
Queen Maya smiling slept, and waked no more,
Passing content to Trayastrinshas–Heaven,
Where countless Devas worship her, and wait
Attendant on that radiant Motherhead.
But for the Babe they found a foster-nurse,
Princess Mahaprajapati – her breast
Nouri, hed with noble milk the lips of Him
Whose lips comfort the worlds,
When the eighth year passed,
The careful King bethought to teach his son
All that a Prince should learn, for still he shunned
The too vast presage of those miracles,
The glories and the sufferings of a Buddha.
So, in full council of his Ministers,
"Who is the wisest man, great sirs," he asked;
"To teach my Prince that which a Prince should know ?"

Where to gave answer each with instant voice:
"King, Viswamitra is the wisest one,

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The farthest-seen in Scriptures, and the best,
In learning, and the manual arts, and all"
Thus Vishwamitra came and heard commands,
And, on a day found fortunate, the Prince
Took up his slate of ox-red sandal-wood
All beautified by gems around the rim,
And sprinkled smooth with dust of emery,
These took he, and his writing-stick, and stood
With eyes bent down before the Sage, who said,
"Child write this Scripture," speaking slow the verse
'*Gayatri*' named, which only High-born hear
"Acharya, I write" meekly replied
The prince, and quickly on the dust he drew —
Not in one script, but many characters —
The sacred verse;
Of all the nations all strange scripts he traced
One after other with his writing-stick,
Reading the master's verse in every tongue;
And Viswamitra said, "It is enough.
Let us to numbers.

After me repeat
Your numeration till we reach the Lakh,
One, two, three, four, to ten, and then by tens
To hundreds, thousands." After him the child
Named digits, decades, centuries; nor paused,

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The round lakh reached, but softly murmured on.
"'Tis, good," the sage rejoined. "Most noble Prince,
If these thou know'st needs it that I should teach
The mensuration of the lineal ?"
Humbly the body replied, "Acharya !
Be pleased to hear me."
But Vishwamitra heard it on his face
Prostrate before the boy; "For thou," he cried.
"Art Teacher of the teachers"—thou, not I,
Art Guru, Oh, I worship thee, sweet Prince !
That comest to my school only to show.
Thou knowest all without the books, and know'st
Fair reverence besides."

Which reverence
Lord Buddha kept to all his school masters,
Albeit beyond their learning laught; in speech
Right gentle yet so when, Princely of mien,
Yet softly mannered, modest, deferent,
And tender-hearted, though of fearless blood;
No bolder horseman in the youthful band
E'er rode in gay chase of the shy gazelles;
No keener driver of the chariot
In mimic contest scoured the palace-courts;
Yet in mid-play the boy would oft-times pause,
Letting the deer pass free; would oft-times yield

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His half-won race because the labouring steeds
Fetched painful breath; or if his princely mates
Saddened to lose, or if some wistful dream
Swept o'er his thoughts. And ever with the years
Waxed this compassionateness of our Lord,
Even as a great tree grows from two soft leaves
To spread its shade afar; but hardly yet
Knew the young child of sorrow, pain, or tears,
Save as strange names for things not felt by kings,
Nor ever to be felt. Then it befell
In the Royal garden on a day of spring,
A flock of wild swans passed, voyaging north
To their nest-places on Himala's breast.

Calling in love-notes down their snowy line
The bright birds flew, by fond love piloted;
And Dewadatta, cousin of the Prince,
Pointed his bow and loosed a wilful shaft
Which found the wide wing of the foremost swan
Broad-spread to glide upon the free blue road,
So that it fell, the bitter arrow fixed,
Bright scarlet blood-gouts staining the pure plumes
Which seeing, Prince Siddhartha took the bird
Tenderly up, rested it in his lap—
Sitting with knees crossed, as Lord Buddha sits—
And, soothing with a touch the wild thing's fright,

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Composed its ruffled vans, calmed its quick heart,
Caressed it into peace with light kind palms
As soft as plantain-leaves an hour unrolled;
And while the left hand held, the right hand drew
The cruel steel forth from the wound, and laid
Cool leaves and healing honey on the smart.
Yet all so little knew the boy of pain
That curiously into his wrist he pressed
The arrow's barb, and winced to feel it sting,
And turned with tears to soothe his bird again.

Then some one came who said, "My Prince hath shot
A swan, which fell among the roses here,
He bids me pray you send it. Will you send?"
"Nay," quoth Siddhartha, "if the bird were dead
To send it to the slayer might be well,
But the swan lives; my cousin hath but killed
The god-like speed which throbbed in this white wing."
And Devadatta answered, "The wild thing,
Living or dead, is his who fetched it down;
'T was no man's in the clouds, but fall'n 'tis mine;
"Give me my prize, fair Cousin." Then our Lord.
Laid the swan's neck beside his own smooth cheek

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And gravely spake, "Say no! the bird is mine,
The first of myriad things which shall be mine
By right of mercy and love's lordliness.

For now I know, by what within me stirs,
That I shall teach compassion unto men
And be a speechless world's interpreter,
Abating this accursed flood of woe,
Not man's alone, but, if the Prince disputes,
Let him submit his matter to the wise
And we will wait their word." So was it done;
In full divan the business had debate,
And many thought this thing and many that;
Till there arose an unknown priest who said,
"If life be aught the saviour of a life
Owns more the living than he can own
Who sought to slay—the slayer spoils and wastes,
The cherisher sustains; give him the bird."

Which judgment all found just; but when the King
Sought out the sage for honour, he was gone,
And some one saw a hooded snake glide forth,—
The gods come oft-time thus! So our Lord Buddh
Began his works of mercy.

Yet not more

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Knew he as yet of grief than that one bird's
Which, being healed, went joyous to its kind,
But on another day the King said, "Come,
Sweet son ! and see the pleasance of the spring,
And how the fruitful earth is wooed to yield
Its riches to the reaper; how my realm—
Which shall be thine when the pile flames for me—
Feeds all its mouths and keeps the King's chest filled.

Fair is the season with new leaves, bright blooms,
Green grass and cries of plough-time." So they rode
Into a land of wells and gardens, where,
All up and down the rich red loam, the steers
Strained their strong shoulders in the creaking yoke
Dragging the ploughs; the fat soil rose and rolled
In smooth long waves back from the plough who drove
Planted both feet upon the leaping share
To make the furrow deep; among the palms
The tinkle of the rippling water rang,
And where it ran the glad earth 'broidered it
With balsame and the spears of lemon-grass.
Elsewhere were sowers who went forth to sow,

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And all the jungle laughed with nesting-songs,
And all the thickets rustled with small life
Of lizard, bee, beetle, and creeping things
Pleased at the spring time. In the mango-sprays
The sun-birds flashed; alone at his green forge
Toiled the loud coppersmith; bee-eaters hawked.
Chasing the purple butterflies; beneath,
Striped squirrels raced, the mynas perked and picked
The seven brown sisters chattered in the thorn,
The pied fish-tiger hung above the pool,
The egrets stalked among the buffaloes,
The kites sailed circles in the golden air;
About the painted temple peacocks flew,
The blue doves cooed from every well, far off
The village drums beat for some marriage-feast;
All things spoke peace and plenty. and the Prince
Saw and rejoiced. But looking deep, he saw
The thorns which grow upon this rose of life:
How the swart peasant sweated for his wage,
Toiling for leave to live; and how he urged
The great-eyed oxen through the flaming hours
Goading their velvet flanks; then marked he, too,
How lizard fed on ant, and snake on him;
And kite on both; and how the fish-hawk robbed
The fish-tiger of that which it had seized;
The shrike chasing the bulbul, which did hunt

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The jewelled butterflies; till everywhere
Each slew a slayer and in turn was slain,
Life living upon death. So the fair show
Veiled one vast, savage, grim conspiracy
Of mutual murder, from the worm to man,
Who himself kills his fellow; seeing which—
The hungry ploughman and his labouring kine,
Their dewlaps blistered with the bitter yoke,
The rage to which makes all living strife—
The Prince Siddhartha sighed. "Is this," he said,
"That happy earth they brought me forth to see?
How salt with sweat the peasant's bread! how hard
The oxen's service! in the brake how fierce
The war of weak and strong! i' th' air what plots!
No refuge e'en in water. Go aside
A space, and let me muse on what ye show."

So saying the good Lord Buddha seated him
Under a jambu-tree, with ankles crossed—
As holy statues sit—and first began
To meditate this deep disease of life,
What its far source and whence its remedy.
So vast a pity filled him, such wide love
For living things, such passion to heal pain,
That by their stress his princely spirit passed

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To ecstasy, and, purged from mortal taint
Of sense and self, the boy attained thereat
Dhyana, first step of "the path."

There flew
High overhead that hour five holy ones,
Whose free wings faltered as they passed the tre
"What power superior draws us from our flight?"
They asked—for spirits feel all force divine,
And know the sacred presence of the pure.
Then looking downward, they beheld the Buddh
Crowned with a rose-hued aureole, intent
On thoughts to save; while from the grove a voice
Cried, "Rishis! this is He shall help the world,
Descend and worship." So the Bright Ones came
And sang a song of praise, folding their wings;
Then journeyed on, taking good news to Gods.

But certain from the King seeking the Prince
Found him still musing, though, the noon was past,
And the sun hastened to the western hills;
Yet, while all shadows moved, the jambu-tree's
Stayed in one quarter, overspreading him,
Lest the sloped rays should strike that sacred head;
And he who saw this sight heard a voice say,
Amid the blossems of the rose-apple,
"Let be the King's son! till the shadow goes
Forth from his heart my shadow will not shift,"

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BOOK THE SECOND

Now, when our Lord was come to eighteen years,
The King commanded that there should be built
Three stately houses one of hewn square beams
With cedar lining, warm for winter days;
One of veined marbles, cool for summer heat;
And one of burned bricks! with blue tiles bedecked,
Pleasant at seed-time, when the champaks bud—
Subha, Suramma, Ramma, were their names.
Delicious gardens round about them bloomed—
Streams wandered wild, and musky thickets stretched.
With many a bright pavilion and fair lawn,
In midst of which Siddhartha strayed at will,
Some new delight provided every hour;
And happy hours he knew, for life was rich.
With youthful blood at quickest; yet still came
The shadows of his meditation back,
As the lake's silver dulls with driving clouds.

Which the King marking, called his Ministers:
"Bethink ye, sirs! how the old Rishi spake,"
He said, "and what my dream-readers foretold.

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This boy, more dear to me than mine heart's blood,
Shall be of universal dominance,
Trampling the neck of all his enemies,
A King of kings — and this is in my heart; —
Or he shall tread the sad and lowly path
Of self-denial and of pious pains,
Gaining who knows what good, when all is lost
Worth keeping; and to this his wistful eyes
Do still incline amid my palaces.
But ye are sage, and ye will counsel me;
How may his feet be turned to that proud road
Where they should walk, and all fair signs come true
Which gave him Earth to rule, if he would rule ?"

The eldest answered "Maharaja ! love
Will cure these thin distempers; weave the spell
Of woman's love about his idle heart.
But the King answered, " If we seek him wives,
Love chooseth ofttimes with another eye;
And if we bid range Beauty's garden round,
To pluck what blossom pleases, he will smile
And sweetly shun the joy he knows not of."
Then said another, "Roams the barasingh
Until the fated arrow flies; for him,
As for less lordly spirits, some one charms,

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Some face will seem a Paradise, some form
Fairer than pale Dawn when she wakes the world.)

[This do, my King ! Command a festival
Where the realm's maids shall be competitors
In youth and grace, and sports that Sakyas use.
Let the Prince give the prizes to the fair,
And, when the lovely victors pass his seat,
There shall be those who mark if one or two
Change the fixed sadness of his tender cheek;
So we may choose for Love with Love's own eyes,
And cheat his Highness into happiness."
This thing seemed good; wherefore, upon a day,
The criers bade the young and beautiful
Pass to the palace, for 'twas in command
To hold a court of pleasure, and the Prince
Would give the prizes, something rich for all,
The richest for the fairest judged. Thus flocked
Kapilavastu's maidens to the gate,
Each with her dark hair newly smoothed and bound,
Eyelashes lustred with the soorma-stick,
Fresh-bathed and scented; all in shawls and cloths
Of gayest; slender hands and feet new-stained
With crimson, and the tilka-spots stamped bright.
Fair show it was of all those Indian girls
Slow-pacing past the throne with large black eyes

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Fixed on the groud; for when they saw the Prince
More than the awe of Majesty made beat
Their fluttering hearts, he sate so passionless,
Gentle, but so beyond them. Each maid took
With down-dropped lids her gifts, afraid to gaze,
And if the people hailed some lovelier one
Beyond her rivals, worthy royal smiles,
She stood like a scared antelope to touch
The gracious hand, then fled to join her mates
Trembling at favour, so divine he seemed
So high and saint-like and above her world.

Thus filed they, one bright maid after another,
The city's flowers, and all this beauteous march
Was ending and the prizes spent, when last
Came young Yasodhara, and they that stood
Nearest Siddhartha saw the princely boy
Start, as the radiant girl approached. A form
Of heavenly mould ! a gait like Parvati's;
Eyes like a hind's in love-time; face so fair
Words cannot paint its spell; and she alone
Gazed full—folding her palms across her breasts—
On the boy's gaze, her stately neck unbent.
"Is there a gift for me ?" she asked, and smiled.
"The gifts are gone," the Prince replied, "yet take
This for amends, dear sister, of whose grace

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Our happy city boasts;" therewith he loosed
The emerald necklet from his throat, and clasped
Its green beads round her dark and silk-soft waist;
And their eyes mixed, and from the look sprang love

Long after—when enlightenment was full—
Lord Buddha, being prayed why thus his heart
Took fire at first glance of the Sakya girl,
Answered, " We were not strangers. as to us
And all it seemed; in ages long gone by
A hunter's son, playing with forest girls
By Yamun's springs, where Nandadevi stands,
Sate umpire while they raced beneath the firs
Like hares at eve that run their playful rings;
One with flower-stars he crowned; one with long plumes
Plucked from eyed pheasant and the jungle cock;
One with fir-apples; but who ran the last
Came first for him, and unto her the boy
Gave a tame fawn and his heart's love beside.
And in the wood they lived many glad years,
And in the wood they undivided died.

Lo ! as hid seed shoots after rainless years,
So good and evil, pains and pleasures, hates,
And loves, and all dead deeds, come forth again
Bearing bright leaves or dark, sweet fruit or sour

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श्री धर्मदत्त वैद्य संग्रह
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Thus I was he and she Yasodhara:
And while the wheel of birth and death turns round
That which hath been must be between us two."

But they who watched the Prince at prize-giving
Saw and heard all, and told to the careful King
How sate Siddhartha heedless, till there passed
Great Suprabudha's child, Yasodhara;
And how—at sudden sight of her—he changed,
And how she gazed on him and he on her,
And of the jewel-gift, and what beside
Pass in their speaking glance.

The fond King smiled;
"Look! we have found a lure; take counsel now
To fetch therewith our falcon from the clouds,
Let messengers be sent to ask the maid
In marriage for my son." But it was law
With Sakyas, when any asked a maid
Of noble house, fair and desirable,
He must make good his skill in martial arts
Against all suitors who should challenge it;
Nor might this custom break itself for king.

Therefore her father spake: "Say to the Kings,
The child is sought by princes far and near;
If thy most gentle son can bend the bow,

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Sway sword, and back a horse better than they,
Best would he be in all and best to us:
But how shall this be with his cloistered ways?"
Then the King's heart was sore, for now the Prince
Begged sweet Yasodhara for wife—in vain,
With Devadatta foremost at the bow,
Ardjuna master of all fiery steeds,
And Nanda chief in sword-play; but the Prince
Laughed low and said, "These things, too, I have learned;
Make proclamation that thy son will meet
All comers at their chosen games. I think
I shall not lose my love for such as these."
So 'twas given forth that on the seventh day
The Prince Siddhartha summoned whose would
To match with him in feats of manlines,
The victor's crown to be Yasodhara.

Therefore, upon the seventh day, there went,
The Sakya lords, and town and country round,
Unto the maidan; and maid went too
Amid her kinsfolk, carried as a bride,
With music, and with litters gaily dight,
And gold-horned oxen, flower-caparisoned;
Whom Devadatta claimed, of royal line,
And Nanda and Ardjuna, noble both,

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The flower of all youths there; till the Prince came
Riding his white horse Kantaka, which neighed,
Astonished at this great strange world without;
Also Siddhartha gazed with wondering eyes
On all those people born beneath the throne,
Otherwise housed than kings, otherwise fed,
And yet so like—perchance—in joys and griefs
But when the Prince saw sweet Yasodhara,
Brightly he smiled, and drew his silken rein,
Leaped to the earth from Kantaka's broad back.
And cried, "He is not worthy of this pearl!
Who is not worthiest: let my rivals prove
If I have dared too much in seeking her."
Then Nanda challenged for the arrow-test
And set a brazen drum six gows aways,
Ardjuna six and Devadatta eight;
But Prince Siddhartha bade them set his drum
Ten gows from off the line, until it seemed
A cowry-shell for target. Then they lossed,
And Nanda pierced his drum, Ardjuna his,
And Devadatta drove a well-aimed shaft
Through both sides of his marks, so that the crowd
Marvelled and cried; and sweet Yasodhara
Dropped the gold sari o'er her fearful eyes,
Lest she should see her Prince's arrow fail.
But he, taking their bow, of lacquered cane,

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With sinews bound, and strung with silver wire,
Which none but stalwart arms could draw a span,
Thrummed it—low laughing—drew the twisted string
Till the horns kissed, and the thick belly snapped:
"That is for play, not love," he said; "hath none
A bow more fit for Sakya lords to use?"
And one said, "There is Sinhahanu's bow,
Kept in the temple since we know not when,
Which none can string, nor draw if it be strung."
"Fetch me," he cried, "that weapon of a man!"
They brought the ancient bow, wrought of black steel
Laid with gold tendrils on its branching curves
Like bison-horns; twice Siddhartha tried
Its strength across his knee, then spake—"Shoot now
With this, my cousins!" but they could not bring
The stubborn arms a hand's-breadth nigher use;
Then the Prince, lightly leaning, bent the bow,
Slipped home the eye upon the notch, and twanged
Sharply the cord, which, like an eagle's wing
Thrilling the air, sang forth so clear and loud,
That feeble folk at home that day inquired
"What is this sound?" and people answered them
"It is the sound of Sinhahanu's bow;"

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Which the King's son has strung and goes to shoot."]
Then fitting fair a shaft, he drew and loosed,
And the keen arrow clove the sky, and drave
Right through that farthest drum, nor stayed its flight,
But skimmed the plain beyond, past reach of eye.

(Next, Devadatta challenged with the sword,
And clove a Talas-tree six fingers thick;
Ardjuna seven; and Nand cut through nine;
But two such stems together grew, and both
Siddhartha's blade shred at one flashing stroke,
Keen, but so smooth that the straight trunks upstood,
And Nanda cried, "His edge turned!" and the maid,
Trembled anew seeing the trees erect;
Until the Devas of the air, who watched,
Blew light breaths from the south, and both green
crowns
Crashed in the sand, clean-felled.
Then brought they steeds,
High-mettled, nobly-bred and three times scoured
Around the maidan, but white Kantaka
Left even the fleetest far behind—so swift,
That ere the foam fell from his mouth to earth

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Twenty spear-lengths he flew; but Nand said,
"We too might win with such as Kantaka;
Fetch an unbroken horse, and let men see
Who best can back him." So the syces brought
A stallion dark as night, led by three chains,
Fierce-eyed, with nostrils wide and tossing mane,
Unshod, unsaddled, for no rider yet
Had crossed him. Three times each young Sakya
Sprang to his mighty back, but the hot steed
Furiously reared, and flung them to the plain
In dust and shame; only Ardjuna held
His seat awhile; and, bidding loose the chains,
Lashed the black flank, and shook the bit, and held,
The proud jaws fast with grasp of master-hand.
So that in storms of wrath and rage and fear
The savage stallion circled once the plain
Half-tamed; but sudden turned with naked teeth,
Gripped by the foot Ardjuna, tore him down,
And would have slain him, but the grooms ran in
Fettering the maddened beast. Then all men cried,
"Let not Siddhartha meddle with this Bhut,
Whose liver is a tempest, and his blood
Red flame;" but the Prince said, "Let go the chains,
Give me his forelock only," which he held
With quiet grasp, and, speaking some low word,

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Laid his right palm across the stallion's eyes,
And drew it gently down the angry face,
And all along the neck and panting flanks,
Till men astonished saw the night-black horse
Sink his fierce crest and stand subdued and meek,
As though he knew our Lord and worshipped him.
Nor stirred he while Siddhartha mounted; then
Went soberly to touch of knee and rein
Before all eyes, so that the people said,
"Strive no more, for Siddhartha is the best."

And all the suitors answered, "He is best!"
And Suprabuddha, father of the maid,
Said, "It was in our hearts to find thee best,
Being dearest, yet what magic taught thee more
Of manhood 'mid thy rose-bowers and thy dreams
Than war and chase and world's work bring to these?
But wear, fair Prince, the treasure thou hast won."
Then at a word the lovely Indian girl
Rose from her place above the throng, and took
A crown of mogra-flowers, and lightly drew
The veil of black and gold across her brow,
Proud-pacing past the youths, until she came
To where Siddhartha stood in grace divine,
New lighted from the night-dark steed, which bent
Its strong neck meekly underneath his arm.

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Before the Prince lowly she bowed, and bared
Her face celestial beaming with glad love;
Then on his neck she hung the fragrant wreath,
And on his breast she laid her perfect head,
And stooped to touch his feet with proud glad eyes,
Saying; "Dear prince, behold me, who am thine !"
And all the throng rejoiced, seeing them pass
Hand fast in hand, and heart beating with heart,
The veil of black and gold drawn close again.

Long after—when enlightenment was come—
They prayed Lord Buddha touching all, and why
She wore this black and gold, and stepped so proud.
And the world-honoured answered, "Unto me
This was unknown, albeit it seemed half-known;
For while the wheel of birth and death turns round,
Past things and thoughts and buried lives come back.
I now remember, myriad rains ago,
What time I roamed Himala's hanging woods,
A tiger, with my striped and hungry kind;
I, who am Buddha, couched in the kusa grass
Gazing with green blinked eyes upon the herds
Which pastured near and nearer to their death
Round my day lair; or underneath the stars

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I roamed for prey, savage, insatiable,
Sniffing the paths for track of man and deer.
Amid the beasts that were my fellows then,
Met in deep jungle or by reedy jheel,
A tigress comeliest of the forest, set
The males at war; her hide was lit with gold,
Black-broidered like the veil Yashodhara
Wore for me; hot the strife waxed in that wood
With tooth and claw, while underneath a neem
The fair beast watched us bleed, thus fiercely wooed.
And I remember, at the end she came,
Snarling, past this and that torn forest-lord
Whom I had conquered, and with fawning jaws
Licked my quick-heaving flank, and with me went
Into the wild with proud steps, amorously.
The wheel of birth and death turns low and high."

Therefore the maid was given unto the Prince
A willing spoil; and when the stars were good—
Mesha, the Red Ram, being Lord of heaven—
The marriage feast was kept, as Sakyas use,
The golden gadi set, the carpet spread,
The wedding garlands hung, the arm-threads tied,
The sweet cake broke, the rice and attar thrown
The two straws floated on the reddened milk,
Which, coming close, betokened "love till death;"

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The seven steps taken thrice around the fire,
The gifts bestowed on holy men, the alms
And temple-offerings made, the mantras sung,
The garments of the bride and bridegroom tied
Then the grey father spake; "Worshipful Prince,
She that was ours henceforth is only thine;
Be good to her, who hath her life in thee."
Wherewith they brought home sweet Yasodhara,
With songs and trumpets, to the Prince's arms,
And love was all in all.

Yet not to love

Alone trusted the King, love's prison-house
Stately and beautiful he bade them build,
So that in all the earth no marvel was
Like Vishramvan, the Prince's pleasure place,

Midway in those wide palace grounds there rose
A verdant hill whose base Rohini bathed,
Murmuring adown from Himalay's broad feet,
To bear its tribute into Gunga's waves.
Southward a growth of tamarind trees and sal.
Thick set with pale sky-coloured ganthi flowers,
Shut out the world, save if the city's hum
Came on the wind no harsher than when bees
Buzz out of sight in thickets. Northwards soared
The stainless ramps of huge Himala's wall,
Ranged in white ranks against the blue—untrod,

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Infinite, wonderful - whose uplands vast,
And lifted universe of crest and crag,
Shoulder and shelf, green slope and icy horn,
Riven ravine, and splintered precipice
Led climbing thought higher and higher, until
It seemed to stand in heaven and speak, with gods.
Beneath the snows dark forests spread, sharp-laced
With leaping cataracts and veiled with clouds:
Lower grace rose-oaks and the great fir groves
Where echoed pheasant's call and panther's cry,
Clatter of wild sheep on the stones, and scream
Of circling eagles: under these the plain
Gleamed like a praying-carpet at the foot
Of those divinest altars. Fronting this
The builders set the bright pavilion up,
Fair planted on the terraced hill, with towers
On either flank and pillared cloisters round.
Its beams were carved with stories of old time—
Radha and Krishna and the sylvan girls —
Sita and Hanuman and Draupadi;
And on the middle porch God Ganesha,
With disc and hook—to bring wisdom and wealth—
Propitious sate, wreathing his sidelong trunk.
By winding ways of garden and of court
The inner gate was reached, of marble wrought,
White, with pink veins; the lintel lazuli,

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The threshold alabaster, and the doors
Sandal-wood, cut in pictured panelling,
Whereby to lofty halls and shadowy bowers
Passed the delighted foot, on stately stairs,
Through latticed gallaries, 'neath painted roofs
And clustering columns, where cool fountains—fringed
With lotus and nelumbo—danced; and fish
Gleamed through their crystal, scarlet, gold, and blue.
Great-eyed gazelles in sunny alcoves browsed
The blown red roses; birds of rainbow wing
Fluttered among the palms; doves, green and grey.
Built their safe nests on gilded cornice;
Over the shining pavements peacocks drew
The splendours of their trains sedately watched
By milk-white herons and the small house-owls.
The plum necked parrots swung from fruit to fruit;
The yellow sunbirds whirred from bloom to bloom,
The timid lizards on the lattice basked
Fearless, the squirrels ran to feed from hand;
For all was peace: the sky black snake, that gives
Fortune to households, sunned his sleepy coils
Under the moon-flowers, where the musk-deer played,
And brown-eyed monkeys chattered to the crows.
And all this House of love was peopled fair
With sweet attendance, so that in each part

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With lovely sights were gentle faces found,
Soft speech and willing service; each one glad
To gladden, pleased at pleasure, proud to obey;
Till life glided beguiled, like a smooth stream
Banked by perpetual flow'rs, Yasodhara
Queen of the enchanting Court.

But, innermost
Beyond the richness of those hundred halls,
A secret chamber lurked, where skill had spent
All lovely fantasies to lull the mind.
The entrance of it was a cloistered square—
Roofed by the sky, and in the midst a tank—
Of milky marble-built, and laid with slabs
Of milk-white marble; bordered round the tank
And on the steps, and all along the frieze
With tender inlaid work of agate-stones.
Cool as to tread in summer-time on snows
It was to loiter there; the sunbeams dropped
Their gold, and, passing into porch and niche,
Softened to shadows, silvery, pale, and dim,
As if the very Day paused and grew Eve
In love and silence at that bower's gate;
For there beyond the gate the chamber was,
Beautiful, sweet; a wonder of the world!
Soft light from perfumed lamps through windows fells,
Of naked and stained stars of lucent film,

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On golden cloths outspread, and silken beds,
And heavy splendour of the purdah's fringe,
Lifted to take only the loveliest in.
(Here, whether it was night or day none knew,
For always streamed that softened light, more bright
Than sunrise, but as tender as the eve's;

And always breathed sweet airs, more joy-giving
Than morning's, but as cool as midnight's breath;
And night and day lutes sighed, and night and day
Delicious foods were spread, and dewy fruits,
Sherbets new chilled with snows of Himalaya.)

Furthermore,
The King commanded that within those walls
No mention should be made of death or age,
Sorrow, or pain, or sickness. (If one drooped
In the lovely Court—her dark glance dim, her feet
Faint in the dance—the guiltless criminal
Passed forth an exile from that Paradise,
Lest he should see and suffer at her woe,
Bright-eyed intendants watch to execute
Sentence on such as spake of the harsh world
Without, where aches and plagues were; tears and fears,
And wail of mourners, and grim fume of pyres.
'Twas treason if a thread of silver strayed
In tress of singing girl or Gandharvi.

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And every dawn the dying rose was plucked,
The dead leaves hid, all evil sights removed;
For said the King, "If he shall pass his youth
Far from such things as move to wistfulness,
And brooding on the empty eggs of thought,
The shadow of this fate, too vast for man,
May fade, belike, and I shall see him grow
To that great stature of fair sovereignty
When he shall rule all lands—if he will rule—
The King of kings and Glory of his time."

Wherefore, around that pleasant prison-house—
Where love was gaoler and delights its bars—
But far removed from sight, the King bade build
A massive wall, and in the wall a gate
With brazen folding-doors, which but to roll
Back on their hinges asked a hundred arms;
Also the noise of that prodigious gate
Opening, was heard full half a yojana.
And inside this another gate he made,
And yet within another—through the three
Must one pass if he quit that Pleasure-house.
Three mighty gates there were, bolted and barred,
And over each was set a faithful watch;
And the King's order said, Suffer no man
To pass the gates, though he should be the Prince,
This on your lives—even though it be my son."

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NOTES

BOYHOOD

Book I.

In this Book Buddha's birth and his childhood are described. His birth was a miraculous event. When the time for his being born in the world came, his mother. Queen Maya, had a wonderful dream. She dreamt that a milk-white elephant, six-tusked, descended from Heaven and entered her side. This was interpreted to mean that a Divine child would be born to her. It is said that Buddha, who already had 550 previous existences, and who was now dwelling in the Tushita Heaven, agreed to come down on earth to save mankind from a life of pain and misery. He entered the womb of Queen Maya as the six tusked white elephant. This was to be his last birth, as after this he was destined to acquire release from the misery of life and death and to attain *Nirvana*.

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Like his birth, his childhood also was wonderful. He showed remarkable precocity, and learnt all sciences and religious scriptures in no time, indeed, showing that he already knew far more than his preceptors. But he was always a moody child, and the problem of human suffering and pain constantly troubled him. His father did all to make his mind withdraw from these thoughts, but in vain.

Buddha was born under a *Palasha* tree, which suddenly flowered at the moment of his birth, and bent down to cast its shade on the Divine child. Legends say that the event happened when Queen Maya was on her way to her father's house. Suddenly, when she reached the Lumbini Grove, she felt tired, and as she tried to support herself by holding a branch of the Palash tree in the garden, Buddha came from her side. From here the mother and child were brought home to the palace of King Shuddhodhana in Kapilavastu, the capital of Buddha's father.

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Page Line

1 1 *Four Regents*: It was anciently believed that the various quarters of the earth were ruled by divine rulers. They were the gods Indra, Yama, Kuber and Varuna. In Sanskrit they are known as *Dig-pals*.

5 *In that sky:* In the Tushita Heaven, where the most righteous lived for 30,000 years.

7 *Devas*: Celestial beings: the *Devatas*.

11 *Law*: The teaching of Buddha; Dharma.

12 *Sakyas*: Were a celebrated clan of the Kshatriyas, whose copital city was Kapilvastu It lays at the foot of the Himalayas below modern Nepal. Their King at this time was Shuddhodana.

2 3 *Kamadhuk*: Probebly Kamadhenu' the celestial cow.

8 *Forewent*: Went before: preceded.

15 *Deeps:* Seas and oceans

19 *Limbos numberless:* The numberless regions where the spirits of the dead lived. Properly speaking Limbo is a Hell where the pre-Christian virtuous men are supposed to dwell.

25 *The Crab is in conjunction with the sun:* Aocording to astronomy it is most auspicious when the sun enters the house of Crab. Crab, astronomical name of a planet, is called in Hindu astronomy, *Kark*

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Page Line

2 2 *All flesh*: All living creatures.

3 5 *Palasa tree:* The *Palash* or *Dhak* tree which has vivid red blooms

9 *The conscious tree*: The tree, in common with all Nature, was aware of the coming birth of Buddha.

15 *Pangless*: Without undergoing any pain of labour which women have to bear at childbirth.

16 *The marks thirty and two*: The thirty-two marks of excellence according to Buddhists are an indication of future greatness.

21 *Mount Sumeru*: The highest mountain in Hindu mythology.

22 *Angel of the East*: The Regent who ruled the quarters in the East, god Indra,

23 *Hosts*: Armies.

24 *Targets*: Shields.

24 *Angel of the South*: God Yama, the god of Death, who rules the South quarters.

25 *Kumbhandas:* Mythological beings who form the followers of Yama.

4 1 *Angel of the West:* God Varuna, who rules the Western quarters.

2 *Nagas:* Varuna, the sea god, has his armies of snakes who wield coral shields.

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Page Line

4 3 *Angel of the North*: Kuber, the King of Yakshes and of wealth, who dwells on the Himalayas or Kailash, and rules the Northern quarters.

7 *Cast and outward garb*: The Regents wore outwardly discarded clothes to look like ordinary palanquin bearers.

11 *For Earth's Sake*: The gods rejoiced in Heaven knowing that Buddha had taken birth to relieve the pain and sorrow of mankind.

14 *wist*: knew.

16 *earthly dominance*: a ruler of earth.

17 *Chakravartin*: a Chakravarti ruler, viz, one who has conquered all the world.

19 *Chakra-ratna, etc*: the Chakra-ratna is the divine disc wielded by a great warrior: *Aswa-ratna* is the matchless steed possessed only by a fortunate king: *Hasti-ratna* is a mighty elephant which belongs to a great king: and *Istri-ratna* is the peerless woman who only a very fortunate king can have.

5 11 *masquers*: people who wore disguises.

13 *twanglers of the wire*: musicians who played on stringed instruments.

13 *Turkises*: turquoise, a sky-blue or greenish blue precious stone.

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Page Line

5 23 *Savarthasiddh:* properly speaking *Savartha siddha.* This was the name given to the young child because by his birth 'the desires of all persons in the State had been satisfied.' It was this name's abbreviation—Siddhartha—by which Buddha was originally called.

6 5 *lore:* knowledge.

14 *Swastika:* a sacred emblem of the Buddhists and Hindus considered auspicious.

15 *primal signs* according to the Buddhists there were thirty-two primal or chief signs of excellence and eighty lesser signs.

26 *a sword must pierce etc:* the King will suffer a great sorrow. Prophecy is made here of Buddha's renunciation, which caused great sorrow to his father.

7 9 *Trayastrinshas:* one of the several Heavens of the Buddhists.

13 *Princes Mahaprajapati:* she was the second Queen of the King, and younger sister of Queen Maya. 'Her proper name was *Prajapati.*

17 *bethought:* thought to himself.

19 *The too vast presage, etc:* the King did not like the prophecy about his son becoming a Buddha, undergoing great penances, and performing miracles.

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Page Line

8 1 *Scriptures*: religious books like the Vedas.

2 *manual arts*: skill in the use of arms, etc.

7 *emery*: used for polishing slates and metals.

12 *Gayatri*: the most sacred mystical prayer of the Hindus.

12 *High born*: the three superior castes among the Hindus.

9 5 *mensuration of the lineal*: involving measurement in one direction only.

17 *albeit*: although.

19 *deferent*: respectful.

24 *mimic contest*: mock fights or tournaments.

24 *scoured*: ranged.

10 5 *waxed*: grew.

5 *compassionateness*: feeling of extreme pity.

10 *befell*: happened.

17 *wilful shaft*: shot the arrow with deliberate aim.

19 *free blue road*: sky.

11 1 *vans*: wings

10 *barb*: sharp point of the arrow.

12 6 *speechless world's interpreter*: will interpret to the world, which is dumb with sorrow, the divine Law.

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Page Line

12 7 *Abating*: lessening.

11 *divan*: assembly.

11 *had debate*: was discussed.

18 *cherisher*: the giver of life.

13 4 *pleasance*: pleasure.

7 *pile*: funeral pile.

14 *steers*: young oxen,

20 *share*: ploughshare.

14 4 *sun-birds*: koels.

5 *bee-eaters*: bul buls.

5 *hawked*: hunted insects.

7 *perked and picked*. insolently raised their heads and picked grains.

9 *seven brown sisters*: small birds called munias.

10 *pied fish-tiger*: the spotted heron which feeds on fishes.

11 *egret*: a small white heron.

17 *deep*: deeply.

19 *swart*: swarthy. dark.

24 *fish hawk*: a large sized heron.

26 *shrike*: a rapacious bird with hooked beak.

15 8 *dewlap*: fold of loose skin hanging from throat of cattle.

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Page Line

15 9 *rage*: strong passion, madness. It is the strong desire on the part of creatures in the world to live that makes life a perpetual warfare. Reference is made to the struggle for existence.

17 *muse*: ponder deeply.

19 *jambu tree*: jamun tree.

25 *by their strees*: being over-whelmed by them.

16 1 *esctasy*: the state of *samadhi*.

1 *purged*: purified.

1 *mortal taint of sense and self*: all gross thought of body and self which corrupts the mind.

3 *Dhyana*: super-meditation.

3 *first step of 'the path'*: first stage on the road to Buddha hood

5 *five only ones*: the five sages like Vishwamitra, Kashyap, etc.

11 *aureole*: halo or circle of light.

22 *sloped rays*: the sloping rays of the sun.

24 *rose-apple*: the jamun tree

25 *shadow*: the shadow of grief.

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MARRIAGE

Book II.

In this Book the marriage of the Prince is described and the contest preceding it.

Page Line

17 7 *seed time:* rainy season:

8 *Subha; Suramma Ramma* properly speaking the names of the palaces respectively were *Shubhra. Ramya and Suramya.* indicating the quality of their beauty.

10 *Musky thickets:* hedges full of fragrance.

12 *strayed:* wandered.

19 *old Rishi:* the sage Asti

18 2 *universal dominance:* a Chakravarti King.

6 *pious pains:* religious penance.
wistful: sad.

16 *distemper:* disorder of the mind and body.

19 2 *pale Dawn;* the golden Usha.

9 *fixed sadness of his tender cheek:* sadness which has settled down on his face

10 *Love:* Lover.

11 *cheeks:* brink.

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Page Line

19 15 *Court of pleasure:* Festival of Beauty at which prizes for loveliness were distributed to women.

18 *Kapilavastu*: the capital city of King Shuddhodhana.

24 *crimson:* painted bright red with *mahavar.*

24 *tilak-spots stamped bright*: bright bindu stamped on the forehead, beauty spots between the brows of Hindu ladies.

20 4 *sate*: sat

9 *scared*: frightened.

11 *trembling a favour:* she trembled when the gift was handed to her.

18 *start*; startle.

18 *radiant*: dazzling beauly.

19 *mould*: shape.

19 *gait:* manner of walking; carriage.

19 *Parvati*: consort of god Shiva.

26 *amends:* compensation.

21 6 *when enlightenment was full*: when he had attained Buddhahood.

12 *Yamun*: the river Yamuna.

12 *Nandadevi*: a mountain peak in the Himalayas,

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Page Line

21 13 *umpire*: judge.

13 *firs*: fir trees.

17 *eyed pheasant:* the bird *nil-kantha* or may be 'pea-cock'

22 9 *Suprabuddha*: a neighbouring ruler.

15 *fond:* loving.

15 *lure*: apparatus for recalling hawk. It is comprised of a bunch of feathers with which the falcon's food is hidden.

21 *martial arts*: such as shooting with arrow and use of swords, etc.

22 *suitors:* men who compete for a woman's hand in marriage.

23 3 *cloistered ways*: secluded life.

4 *was sore*: was full of grief.

6 *Devadatta:* Siddhartha's cousin and his rival.

7 *Ardjuna:* should be read 'Arjuna.'

13 *love*: beloved.

20 *maidan*: the open ground or arena where the competition was to take place.

22 *dight*: decorated.

23 *flower caparisoned*: decorated with garlands of flowers.

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Page Line

24 2 *Kantaka:* the divine horse of Buddha which is stated to have been born the same day when Prince Siddhartha and Yasodhara were born.

5 *people born beneath the throne:* common people,

13 *have dared too much:* have been over bold, and therefore foolish.

15 *six gows:* a distance of about 480 yards. Forty lance lengths are equal to a *gow*.

26 *lacquered cane:* lacquer is a gold colour varnish applied to wood.

25 1 *sinews:* framework.

2 *span:* a short distance. A *span* measures about 9 in., a *bitta*.

5 *horns:* the two ends of the bow.

5 *belly:* middle of the bow.

8 *Sinhahanu:* a Buddhist celestial King.

26 4 *clove:* cut.

4 *drave:* drove.

9 *Talas-tree:* *tala-vriksh*. (H) palm tree.

12 *shred:* cut

15 *his edge turned:* his sword's edge turned blunted.

18 *Devas of the air:* the Dewas or spiritual beings in the sky.

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Page Line

26 23 *high mettled:* high spirited.

27 3 *unbroken:* untrained.

4 *syces:* grooms.

5 *stallion:* an uncastrated horse.

7 *unshod:* without any horse shoe.

20 *fettering:* binding him with chains.

21 *Bhut:* evil spirit.

28 3 *flanks:* sides

5 *crest:* head.

16 *chase:* hunting

21 *mogra-flowers:* a superior variety of bela flowers

29 22 *my striped and hungry kind:* fellow-tigers.

23 *kusa grass:* the sacred grass of which mats etc, are made

30 4 *Jheel:* lake.

14 *fawning jaws:* caressing with her mouth to show affection.

16 *amorously:* filled with love.

19 *spoil:* prize.

20 *Mesha:* one of the twelve rashis in Hindi astronomy. Its English equivalent is 'Red Ram'.

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Page Line

31 23 *arm threads tied-* the kangan ceremony in marriage.

31 15 *Vishramvan*: name of Siddhartha's Pleasure palace.

17 *verdant*: green.

17 *Rohint:* river near Kapilvastu.

20 *Sal*: pine tree.

21 *ganthi flowers*: the fragrant malti flowers.

25 *ramps*: slopes.

25 *stainless:* because of stainless snow.

32 2 *lifted universe*: lofty world

3 *Icy-horn:* horn-like peaks covered with ice.

4 *river ravine*: deep gorge out in the moun, tain.

4 *splintered precipice.* broken rocks.

7 *sharp laced:* The leaping waterfalls looked-from a distance like lace sown on a garment.

8 *cataracts*: water falls:

8 *veiled:* covered

13 *praying carpet*: a carpet spread for prayer.

15 *pavilion*: palace.

19 *Radha and Krishna,etc*: the scene repre, sented Radha, Krishna and the Gopis perhaps in *Ros-lila* or *Dance*

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32 19 *Sylvan girls:* the *Gopis*, milk maids.

20 *Sita and Hanuman:* another scene represented the captive Sita under the Ashok tree in Lanka with Hanuman attending on her.

20 *Draupadi;* the scene represented the attempt on Dushasan to trip Draupadi in the Kaurava court.

21 *middle porch:* the central gate or portico.

21 *God Ganesha:* the Hindu god whose image with the elephant's head is set up on the main gate of the house to bring prosperity and as an auspicious sign.

22 *disc, chakra:* This is chiefly associated with Vishnu and not Ganesh.

25 *wrought:* made.

27 *lazuli:* a stone, deep blue in colour.

13 1 *alobaster:* a stone noted for its smoothness and whiteness.

2 *cut in pictured panelling:* picturesque scenes were carved in the panels of the doors

3 *shadowy bowers:* shady groves or retreats.

5 *latticed galleries:* corridors with beautiful jali work.

6 *clustering columns:* masses of columns.

7 *fringed:* bordered.

8 *nulumbo:* blue lotus.

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33 11 *gazelle:* a small soft-eyed antelope

11 *alcove:* covered seat in a garden; here covered walks.

11 *browsed:* fed on shoots or leaves of plants; etc.

16 *train:* tail;

16 *sedately:* gravely.

24 *moon-flower:* the *ketki* flower.

34 4 *glided;* passed smoothly.

4 *beguilded;* charmed; amused.

5 *enchanting Court;* charming Palace.

9 *lurked,* lay hidden.

9 *where skill etc:* where the artist's skill had been employed in creating lovely things from his fancy which soothed the mind.

15 *frieze;* the upper portion of the wall ornamented with sculptured figures.

16 *agate;* a precious stone.

16 *inlaid work; pachchikari.* (H).

18 *loiter:* to wander idly.

19 *gold;* golden rays.

19 *niche;* a deep recess in the wall, *takh.* (U.)

27 *Of nakre and stained stars etc;* the lamps were made in fantastic shapes with coloured shades, and cost luminous light.

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34 27 *nakre*: mother-pearl (nacre).

27 *stained:* coloured.

27 *stars*: star like shapes were cut in the shades.

27 *lucent*: shining; luminous.

27 *film:* fine or thin cover.

35 2 *heavy splendour:* rich embroidery work.

2 *purdah's fringe*; the border of the curtains.

8 *airs:* notes of music.

11 *dewy:* sweet.

12 *chilled:* cooled.

16 *drooped*: looked depressed or wearied.

18 *Faint*: tired or weak.

21 *intendants*: superintendents.

21 *execute sentence*; carry out punishment.

22 *harsh world outside*; the world of sorrow and suffering outside the Palace.

23 *aches*; pain.

23 *plagues*; foul diseases.

25 *grim fume of pyres*; fearful smoke of funeral pyres.

26 *treason:* serious crime.

26 *a thread of silver*; a single grey hair, sign of old age.

26 *strayed*; was found by chance.

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36 4 *move to wistfulness;* cause sorrow; produce sadness

5 *brooding on the empty eggs of thought;* which lead one to meditate deeply on barren ideas. The metaphor is taken from a hen sitting or brooding on an egg to hatch chicken.

6 *the shadow of this fate;* the dark shadow of Prince Siddhartha renouncing the world, which had been prophesied by the sage Asita.

7 *May fade, belike;* may perhaps pass away.

8 *stature;* height.

12 *bars:* steel bars to prevent escape.

16 *asked hundred arms;* required many men.

17 *prodigious:* heavy and massive.

18 *yojana;* about nine miles.

23 *watch;* body of men charged with keeping watch.

24 *suffer;* allow.

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हमारे अन्य प्रकाशन

श्री वृन्दावनलाल वर्मा कृत

उपन्यास

झांसी की रानी लक्ष्मीबाई	६)
मृगनयनी	५)
कचनार	४॥)
अचल मेरा कोई	३।॥)
मुसाहिबजू	१॥)
प्रेम की भेंट	१।)
लगन	१।)

नाटक

झांसी की रानी	२)
हंस-मयूर	२।)
राखी की लाज	१।)
पूर्व की ओर	२।)
खिलौने की खोज	१।)
बीरबल	१।)
बांस की फांस	१)
फूलों की बोली	१।)
मंगल सूत्र	
काश्मीर का कांटा	१)
लो, भाई पञ्चो, लो !!!	।॥)
पीले हाथ	।॥)
जहांदारशाह	।॥)
सगुन	।॥)

कहानी संग्रह

शरणागत	१।)
कलाकार का दण्ड	१।)
दबे पांव	

अन्य लेखकों द्वारा लिखित

कब्रों की दुनियां में	१॥।)
नई कहानियां	१॥)
चले चलो	।॥)
सरसी	२)
विश्व-भारती	१।)
प्रह्लाद	।)
नारी जीवन चक्र	१॥)
अगस्त ब्यालीस	५)
महाप्रयाण	२॥)
रजाकार पतन	१॥)
बापू का नरलोक और देवलोक	१॥)

मयूर-प्रकाशन,

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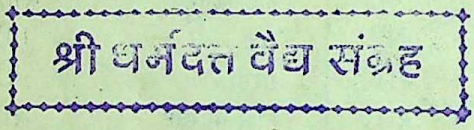

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PUBLISHED BY

MAYOOR PRAKASHAN

JHANSI.

PRINTED BY DWARIKA PRASAD MISRA 'DWARIKESH'

AT THE SWADHIN PRESS, JHANSI.

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